**It's Just Too Hard Not To Touch**

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# It's Just Too Hard Not To Touch

by shopfront

## Summary

*"I don't think you've ever been drunk enough to drunk-dial me before."* (Post-Season four)

## Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"How is it that in trying to become less of a whore, I somehow turn into a pimp?"

Derek watched in dismay from the doorway as Mark swayed dangerously across the room to refill his glass, and then slopped his tequila all over the carpet as he waved his arm about to emphasise his point.

"You're not a pimp. *I'm* a pimp. Meredith and I, we pimped our teenaged patients together," Derek said wryly, and made a grab for Marks arm in an attempt to salvage the mess he was making with the alcohol. "Why are you drinking tequila, anyway?"

"It's what Grey and Yang are always recommending as the answer to life's little problems," Mark declared, like Meredith and Cristina were somehow the definitive experts on dealing with things properly, and then paused to peer in confusion at his empty glass. "I think the tequila is running away from me," he muttered in confusion and fumbled for the bottle again.

"Okay, okay! I think you've had enough," Derek said and pushed Mark back towards his bed, where he fell heavily and groaned miserably into the covers. Derek ignored him and started searching for the lid to the tequila bottle, so that he could hide it away from Mark without making a mess. He rifled through stacks of paper and opened envelopes, peered under pillows, shoved Mark down into the mattress twice when he made clumsy attempts to steal the alcohol back when he thought Derek was distracted, and then finally fished the mercifully dust-bunny free cap out from under a dresser.

"You know, I don't think I've seen you this drunk since we graduated from med school," Derek mused aloud as he capped the bottle and buried it under a pile of dirty laundry in Mark's closet. "You like being in control too much."

"It's been a long week," Mark complained from the bed. "There were the nurses, and Bailey, and then Hahn and Torres-"

"In fact, I don't think you've *ever* been drunk enough to drunk-dial me," Derek interrupted with a bark of laughter that made Mark pull a face and grumble. "You're just lucky you're not the only one trying to turn over a new leaf. I wouldn't have even taken your call if I'd been able to track Rose down."

"Hey, I'm more important than her!" Mark protested as he struggled to

sit up, then failed and resorted to slumping back on his elbows. "Why would you be tracking down a woman you don't even want?"

"Ask me about Rose again when you're sober. So the nurses still hate you, and Dr. Bailey's opinion of you is lower than you'd hoped. How is this different enough from every other week to get you hitting the bottle?"

"*Hahn* and *Torres*."

"What about Dr. Hahn and Dr. Torres? Did they-" Derek paused to snicker to himself a little, "– decide to lead a protest against working with you, too?"

Mark just gave him a filthy look.

"You can't say it's undeserved, the way you behave." Derek's grin was even wider than Mark's frown. "Hahn and Torres didn't really complain about you... did they?"

"No," Mark huffed and pouted. Derek just laughed some more and wandered over to perch on the corner of the bed, next to Mark.

"Then, what?"

Mark muttered something quickly and quietly, and then huffed some more, refusing to meet Derek's eyes.

Derek blinked.

"You... left Hahn and Torres in front of the hospital? That's *all*?"

"I left Hahn and Torres-" Mark stopped, shifted uncomfortably, his eyes darting from Derek to the floor and back to Derek "– I left... I left them making out in front of the hospital!"

"*Making out?*"

Mark rubbed a hand across his chin and steadfastly refused to look at Derek.

"*Hahn* and *Torres*?"

"Yes, Hahn and Torres! I may have... encouraged them a little."

"Wait, let me get this straight. You encouraged Hahn and Torres to make out in front of the hospital, and then... you left?"

"Hey, new leaf!"

"Right. Hahn and Torres. You know, they might actually make a good couple," Derek mused and struggled not to let his mouth start twitching.

Mark turned large, wounded eyes on Derek when he dissolved into laughter anyway.

"So, Torres left you for another woman. The way you sleep around, I'd have thought that's a situation you're used to dealing with by now. You know, statistically."

"You laugh too much." Mark heaved himself up on one hand and took a drunken swipe at Derek.

"Actually, I think I laugh just enough where you're concerned," Derek chuckled, and dodged Mark's hand. "Besides, what are you going to do? Smack me to death?"

"You should only be so lucky," Mark growled, narrowed his eyes and lunged.

Mark didn't miss this time either, to Derek's surprise. He tumbled off the bed with a yelp, but managed to get enough of a flailing grip on the front of Mark's shirt that he pulled Mark down with him. *Retribution.*

"Wow, that was elegant," Derek grunted from underneath Mark, dazed on the floor. "Can't say I expected you to be capable of that much movement at the moment. Now move!" He half-heartedly shoved at Mark's dead weight, but he refused to roll over. Instead he buried his head in Derek's neck, took a great big breath, and then had the nerve to start laughing.

"I'm too drunk to move," he declared into the collar of Derek's shirt. "Also, you smell good."

"You mean you're too drunk to act like a normal, rational person. What do you even care if Torres left you for Hahn? It's not like you were actually dating. Ha! Mark Sloan, dating! Now, that would be something to laugh at."

Mark pulled back far enough for Derek to see his deep frown.

"Stop giving me that look."

"You hurt me deeply, you know that?"

"What, by telling the truth?" Derek gave one final, determined shove at Mark's shoulders, and managed to make him move far enough to the side that Derek could breathe again. He still couldn't get up through, Marks legs were too tightly tangled around his own, and Mark had also anchored a hand very securely around Derek's belt.

He was trapped. On the floor. With a drunk and maudlin Mark Sloan.

"This night wasn't meant to get worse, only better," he muttered, and then gave up. There was carpet scratching the back of his neck, and his hip was itchy, but it was also buried under several heavy pounds of Mark and Derek didn't think he had much chance of reaching it without permission. Permission Mark seemed too drunk to care to give.

"How come, when I'm a whore, you're a bigger whore; and when I'm a pimp, you're a bigger pimp?" Mark asked lazily, breath puffing in a silent laugh against Derek's collarbone. "Well, you and Grey are bigger pimps. Same thing."

"What– How do you even remember that? Shouldn't you be suffering alcohol induced blackouts by now?" Derek managed to contort his neck far enough back so that he could look at Mark properly, without running face first into the top of his head. His eyes were warm and crinkled up with mirth, and they were staring straight back at Derek.

"The amount of tequila missing from that bottle may be misleading," he whispered conspiratorially.

"You mean you're not actually drunk."

"Oh, I'm drunk. I'm also certainly drunk enough to get away with this-" Mark tightened his grip on Derek's belt and dragged him closer. At least it felt closer, though that should have been impossible given how tangled together they still were from their tumble off the bed. "– I'm just not as drunk as you obviously assumed when you started *manhandling* me."

"You drunk-dialled me, and then you could barely stand when I got here, and-"

"I didn't say I *minded* being manhandled," Mark interrupted in a rough voice, and Derek couldn't help laughing, but Mark was *leering* at him and completely destroying any claim he was making of being able to

think clearly.

"You're obviously drunk enough to think I'm one of your easily-seduced nurses," Derek sat up and shoved at Mark's shoulders again, and this time he let himself be easily pushed aside, and then helped to his feet and then onto the bed. "Don't think I'm going to forget about you calling me while drunk either, your ruse is blown."

"I'm not too drunk to know what I want, Derek. I'm never too drunk for that." Mark stared intensely up at Derek from where he was sprawled on the bed. "When you and Addison left me-" and Derek really didn't want to hear this, it wasn't funny anymore, "– I must have called you every night. Only, you never picked up, and-"

"I think you need to sleep this off." Feeling slightly alarmed, Derek yanked Mark's shoes off and threw the covers over him.

"I miss you."

Derek startled at those words, which had been said before but never with such vehemence, and shook off Mark's roaming hands.

"I'm self-loathing and destructive. Wait!" Mark grabbed his arm firmly enough that Derek couldn't pull free this time. "But you already know this, you've always known this."

"Mark, I-"

"You know me, and I know you," and Derek didn't want to meet his eyes, because he didn't know what he'd see there. "I might be emotionally unavailable, but at least I'm reliable. We're family, you're important to me."

"Meredith made me a house out of candles!" Derek exclaimed, and then spun away from Mark like that would make the whole conversation go away. "She wants to build our house, and have a real relationship. I was trying to find Rose when you called, so I could do the right thing and break up with her first because-"

"I hate to say it, Derek, but you've never done the right thing."

"What– You– I don't-" Derek blustered to a stop when Mark reached out to stroke a hand down Derek's side.

"Not sleeping with me during college would have been the right thing. Paying Addison the attention she deserved would have been the right

thing. Staying with Grey rather than returning to the adulterous wife you didn't love anymore would have been the right thing. Actually finding your girlfriend and breaking up with her before going back to Grey, rather than coming here when you know all I try to do is get you naked in my bed when I've been drinking, would have been the right thing." Mark sighed, and dragged his hand up the outside of Derek's thigh. "I don't think either of us has ever been good at doing the right thing."

"The right thing to do right *now* would be leaving, so..." Derek trailed off and looked towards the door.

"Stay," Mark said, and then the bedclothes were rustling and Derek had turned without thinking to lay a hand on Mark's shoulder to stop him getting back up.

"Stay," Mark said again as he wrapped his fingers around Derek's wrist and tugged him closer. "At least stay until morning, you said you can't find Rose and you can't go back to Grey until you've talked to her. So, stay."

"I thought I was meant to be tucking you in," Derek frowned, but didn't protest when Mark pulled him under the covers, only resisting long enough to shuck his shoes and jeans. "I need to call Meredith, she's waiting for me."

"Then call her," Mark said unconcernedly and started getting settled, sprawling on his stomach and extending an arm across Derek's stomach. His fingers stroked gently up and down Derek's ribs, making Derek shiver; but he seemed to be content to stop there for once, warm against Derek's side and his arm a comforting weight. "I can handle her wrath for keeping you here."

Derek leaned back over the side of the bed to fish through the pockets of his jeans for his phone, placing one hand over Mark's where it wrapped around his side to make sure he didn't slip out from underneath it. He paused for a moment to look at Mark, eyes closed and face turned down into his pillow, before dialling.

"You'll stay for now?" Derek could just make out the muffled words as he pressed the call button.

"I'll stay," he said and settled back against the pillow while he waited for Meredith to answer her phone.

End Notes

Thank you to Alex, Jane, and Amanda for the beta help.

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